

VIKINGS?

by Three roads

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Summary: In a world where dragon soar and vikings sail the seas, just what changes can a certain blonde bring to the village of Berk? Just what sort of changes can he bring to the world? Found as a baby, Naruto will grow up a Viking like no other as he forges his own path in helping his friends reach their goals in an effort to change what the meaning behind the word Viking truly is.

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**\*\*DISCLAIMER: \*\*I DON'T OWN Naruto or How to train your dragon**

**\_This for giving this a shot\_**

**\*\*R&R\*\***

**\*\*\_Prologue: Ripples\_\*\***

Thunder and lightning rocked sea as a storm billowed against the rocks. The thick mist only hampered the view further for anyone foolish enough to be out in the storm this night.

Unfortunately for Stoick, common sense didn't really apply to the hardened Vikings of old as he tramped across the thickening mud. This would be his final round before he returned to the comfort of his wife and new-born son. Hiccup had been a serious worry when he had first come into the world so weak and tiny looking. Stoick however, did not for one second lose hope that his son would make it past the coming years. The Village chief knew that if anyone had enough care in them to save his child, it would be his wife Valka.

Little did the chieftain know however, this last round would change the island of Berk forever.

As the large man made his way down to take his last look at the docks, he began to hear a noise that sent a chill down his spine in this stormy weather. A baby's cry sounded out above the storm as Stoick now ran with haste in order to get to the baby as fast as he could. When he finally made to the source of the noise he was both stunned and angered by the sight.

Rocking in a cradle just offshore was a baby barely bigger than his own child. The chieftain soon found himself diving in to the water and swimming over to the cradle before he grabbed a hold of it and brought it back to shore. Once there he rushed the baby to the village elder/healer Gothi who would surely know what to do.

Barging through the now broken door, Stoic ran straight for the village elder's bedroom. When he arrived he found the tired old woman getting out of bed, supposedly to see what was going on. Taking the baby from the cradle he forcefully shoved child into Gothi's hands before he told her what was going on in a hurried and urgent voice.

"I found the babe in his cradle just offshore. You must make sure he is not sick or injured." Sickness was a terrible thing in Berk as often it was incurable and resulted in death. 'A child who was out at sea during a stormâ€¦ I'm surprised he's not already dead' thought the burly chieftain as he realized that the closest island that the child could have come from was day's away by boatâ€¦ just how long had this baby survived at sea?

'It must be the work of the gods' was the only thought that held merit in the mind of Stoick the vast.

Minutes later the village elder gave Stoick a firm nod, telling him that the baby was healthy which shocked the chieftain. Asking the village elder if she would ask the gods what to do with the child, he was told to come back the next morning to find out. Seeing that he was no longer needed, Stoick left the house after replacing the previously broken door and headed for home.

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As dawn broke on the morrow, Stoick eagerly woke as he found his curiosity getting the better of him as he wondered what this child's appearance would mean for his village. After Dagmall was finished with (breakfast) Stoic hurriedly made his way to Gothi's home where he would find out what the gods thought of the child he had found the night prior.

The others Vikings were left to wonder as they all noticed their chieftain walking towards the elder's house with an excited face. They all knew however, that they would find out soon enough and so kept their questions to themselves.

As Stoick finally reached Gothi's house at the peak of a cliff he felt his nerves as chieftain rise. What could this all mean for his peopleâ€¦ would it bring good fortune to his villageâ€¦ or destruction to his people. Who knew, but for some reason Stoic was feeling optimistic about the outcome of today.

Opening the door this time, Stoick entered the elder's house to find

her snoring away in her rocking chair with the baby he had found resting in her arms. It was at this moment that Stoick realised that he had never actually looked at the childâ€| being too focused on saving said child's life.

Taking the baby from Gothi's arms, he noticed that he was correct on noticing the similarity in size of the baby in his arms compared to that of his own son. Looking at the baby closer the chieftain found soft clumps of blonde hair on top of his head. Blue eyes now fluttered as the baby woke from his disturbed slumber. The features that left the biggest impression however, were the whisker marks which lined both sides of the child's face and made Stoick think of a fox.

The baby's gurgles of nonsense soon pulled Stoic away from the baby's features as theâ€| boy grabbed a hold of the burly chief's finger. Amusing the child, he allowed it to play with his finger for a while before he went to wake the village elder in order to see what she had found.

A couple minutes later and after numerous attempts, Stoick finally woke the elder by tossing a bucket of water over her. A disgruntled old lady soon woke up with an annoyed yelp from the ice cold water running over her skin. After giving the man a glare, she soon went on to telling him what she had found by talking to the gods the night prior.

"The child born with hatred in his stomach shall grow up receiving memories of a life already finished. His hidden strength will demolish his physical enemies but in the end it shall be his mental strength that leads him to greatnessâ€| but if that greatness is for good or evil is unknown."

This is what she wrote down in front of Stoick for that was what she was foretold the night prior when she asked the gods for their wisdom on the matter.

The burly chief stood in silence for a moment before he slowly walked over to where he had tossed the cradle the night before to see if the wee lad had been given anything to remember his origins. What he found was the name 'Naruto' carved into the side of the cradle along with a piece of cloth which was attached to a piece of metal with a mark on it resembling a leaf.

'What kind of name is Naruto' Stoick thought to himselfâ€| 'It wouldn't frighten a baby, let alone a gnome'. Alas Stoic would not take away one of the boy's only link to his pastâ€| that didn't mean he wouldn't give him a nickname of some kind. 'â€| uhhhâ€| oh Blader should do.'

Stoick was happy with the nickname he had given Naruto as it related to the only item Naruto held of his past. It was with a smile that he headed towards the door with the baby in his arms when he suddenly had the thought 'where will the baby live'.

He certainly couldn't just take the child home as he already had a full time job making sure his own sickly son lived past his first yearâ€| let alone ten. He then turned to the villagers elder and asked her what she thought should be done with the child only for her to tell him that she did not know and it was up to him.

Walking out of the elders house Stoick thought on how to solve his problem of finding a place for Naruto/Blader to stay. The person or couple would have to have little to no offspring with a reasonable amount of time on their hands and were old enough and yet at the same time young enough. They would have to be at least reasonably good with childrenâ€| the list just got shorter by the second.

Continuing his walk while being completely oblivious to all the stares he got from his villagers, Stoic continued to think on the matter until he was rudely interrupted by a curious Gobber.

"Turning into a rabbit eh Stoick"

Losing his step slightly, Stoick continued to walk alongside his long-time friend and companion.

"Sadly not" Stoick said with a large grin on his face before he turned serious once more and kept talking. "Found this one in a cradle just offshore last night before I rushed him to the elder's house. Just been and fetched him and the wisdom of the gods. I'm actually trying to think of a place for the boy to stay".

All of a sudden a certain twinkle sprung out of Stoick's eye as he gained a knowing look on his face as he stared at his now disbelieving best friend. Gobber stuttered a bit before yelling out.

"b..b..but I couldn't possibleâ€| I haven't got the time, what with the forge and all". Throughout all this though, Stoick kept his knowing face as he knew for a fact that just like every other male Viking, Gobber wanted a son that he could be proud of. A son that he could teach everything he knew and keep a watch on as he became everything you ever wanted.

So it wasn't with any surprise that Stoick was soon passing the baby over to a still slightly reluctant Gobber who simply asked for the boy's name before he carried the child home with a small smile on his face.

END OF PROLOGUE

Hope you all enjoyed itâ€| just please note that like my other stories, updates will come at a reasonably slow rate.

To be honest, I have no idea how this story will go but I hope you all enjoy it either way.

Blader translates to leaf in Norwegian.

Remember to please \*\*R&R.\*\*

End  
file.